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A Southern Flight

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN
CLINTON SCOLLARD



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A Southern Flight

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FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

CLINTON SCOLLARD



GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNING

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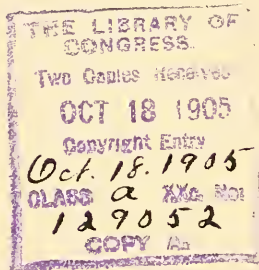
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*Weary of the Winter's prose,
Leave it for a little while ;
Seek the realm of rhyme and rose,
In the southland's sunny smile.*

*Find again the joys that came
With the June and with her sped ;
Find the Summer and the same
Flawless sapphire overhead.*

*She and all her dreams await
In the Eden of the South ;
We shall greet her at the gate
With a red rose in her mouth.*

*Winter we shall soon forget,
For in that enchanted clime
God to melody has set
All the sweet of summer-time !*

A S O U T H E R N F L I G H T

The winter day dragged drearily
In icy pallidness away
Before we flung our hawsers free,
And dropped adown the Bay.

Then twilight swooped ; the shore grew blind,
Save where the sunset's gusty pink
Stained the embattled clouds behind
The hills of Navesink.

Soon Barnegat flared out its fire
As we the purple ridges clomb ;
Five-Fathom Bank its white desire
Flashed o'er the fields of foam.

And ere the dawn broke vermeil-bright
O'er beryl league on weltering league,
Shimmered across the void of night
The star of Assateague.

We dreamed we saw the twin capes pass
Through shredded fog that worketh dole,
And caught round stormy Hatteras
The long Atlantic roll.

Afar from Lookout and from Fear
We faced and cleft the flying flaw;
Tall Tybee's tower we left a-rear,
And lonely Ossabaw.

Then on a morning blithe and bland
The land,—the longed-for land!—and, ah,
Above the tawny dunes of sand
The palms of Florida!

The palms, the sunshine, and the breath
Of flowers, the sky without a stain;
And after winter's dearth and death,
Summer and life again!

A SEA NOCTURNE

Above the sea in splendor
The new moon hangs alone,
A silver crescent slender
Set in a sapphire zone ;
Around me breathe the tender,
Sweet zephyrs of the south :
Night will not let
My heart forget
Her kisses and her mouth.

The loose sails idly swinging,
The ship lights' glow and gleam,
The bell-buoys' muffled ringing,
Drive all my thoughts to dream,—
To dream of her voice singing
The songs I love the best :
Night will not let
My heart forget
Where she has made her nest.

O Love, where art thou bidding
While hangs this moon on high ?
Star in the twilight hiding,
Come forth and light the sky
Above the ship slow gliding
Over the southern sea :
Night will not let
My heart forget
Love's eyes that shine for me !

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Quaint old town by the sea
Under the southern star,
Sleepy with sun, to me
Dear as a dream you are !
The climbing jasmines bar
Your balconies with their green ;
Ever you lure from afar,
Fair Saint Augustine !

Ever you lure when the year
Over the north-land throws
A spell that is white and drear,
A mantle of sleet and snows ;
Ever your sunset's rose,
Your water's shifting sheen,
Beckon the heart that knows
Fair Saint Augustine !

Strange are your narrow streets
With their dull, half-Spanish air ;
The palms, and the song that greets
The ear from the mock-birds there ;
The slave-mart in the square ;
And, high o'er the drowsy scene,
The bells that sound to prayer,
Fair Saint Augustine !

Down by the long sea-wall
Fondly the lovers stroll ;
The bell-buoy sends its call
In from the harbor shoal ;
The old fort hears the roll
Of the tide where its ramparts lean,—
Shell of a far-flown soul,—
Fair Saint Augustine !

Memoried town by the sea,
Take what little is mine,—
This strain of melody
To the palm land from the pine,
This slender lyric line
From one whose heart has been
Thine, and is ever thine,
Fair Saint Augustine !

THE TREE TAVERN

In the Tavern of the Tree,
Listen to the revelry :
Mark the merry minstrel there
Seated in his leafy chair,
At his cups the whole day long,
Paying toll with silver-song.
Every draught he takes is drawn
From the cellars of the Dawn ;
Fragrant dew from flowery flasks,
Amber air from fairy casks
Brought from Araby, and bright
With the Orient's golden light ;
All the spice of buds and vines
Flavors his delicious wines ;
Is it strange his lyrics hold
So much of the summer's gold ?
Rapture of the roses caught,
Into music deftly wrought ;
Run and ripple of the rills
All translated in his trills ;
Every sweet, enchanted thing
In his gladness made to sing.

Ah, my mocking-bird, drink on
Till the happy day is gone ;
Till the pale moon rising up
Drops the stars down in your cup ;
Then to dreams once more, and then —
All the world grows still again !

A SONG

Under the pendulous plumes of the palm,
Drowsing, I dream in the odorous calm ;
 Dreams of delight and of rapture
 I capture
Out of this bower of the bloom and the balm.

Over me carols a bird on the bough,
Passionate melody, amorous vow ;
 All of his happy song spells me
 And tells me
Fly to her, lover, and speak to her now !

Sweetheart, I send you the song of the bird :
Dared I interpret the message I heard,
 This were the whisper above you,—
 I love you !
This were the music, the secret, the word.

THE JESSAMINE BOWER

I know a bower where the jessamine blows,
Far in the forest's remotest repose ;
 If once the eyes have beholden
 The golden
Chalices swinging, farewell to the rose !

Just at the bloom-burst of dawn is the hour
God must have fashioned the delicate flower,—
 Wrought it of sunlight, and thrilled it
 And filled it
With a beguiling aroma for dower.

Here hath the air an enchantment that seems
Borne from the bourn of desire and of dreams, —
 Borne from the bourn of youth's longing
 Where, thronging,
Dwell all love's glories and glammers and gleams.

Here doth the palm-plume depend and the pine ;
Here doth the wild-grape distil its dark wine ;
 Here the chameleon, gliding
 And hiding,
Changes its hues in the shade and the shine.

Luring the lights are that falter and fail,—
Emerald, amber and amethyst pale,
 Splashes of radiant splendor
 And tender
Tints as when twilight is deep in a dale.

By no bold bees are the stillnesses stirred ;
Scarce is there bubble of song from a bird,
 Save for the turtle-dove's cooing
 And wooing,—
Rapture without an articulate word.

Sway on, O censers of bloom and of balm !
Sweeten the virginal cloisters of calm !
 Be there one spot lovely, lonely,
 Where only
Peace is the priestess, and silence the psalm !

A FLORIDA TULIP

Crimson cup, wherein is blent
Something of the spice and scent
Hinting of the Orient,

 You remind me
Of a garden sweet that lies
Under other summer skies,—
Of the lips and of the eyes
 Left behind me.

You recall a blossom bower
Where I found love's magic flower,—
O the rapture of that hour,

 And the sweetness !
When the East was yellow flame,
When to kiss me first she came
Bringing me the joy we name
 Love's completeness.

So I lift you to my mouth,
In this garden of the South,
For my lips are parched with drouth

 Long unbroken :
Give me of your share of bliss,
One remembrance of that kiss :
All I ask of you is this
 Tulip token.

Let me gently tilt you up
To my lips once while I sup
Fragrance from your crimson cup,
And discover
Once again the kiss I found,
Once again the bliss that crowned
Those two lips where sweets abound
For a lover.

A FLORIDA NIGHT

The slender new moon seems as frail
As thin ice 'twixt November reeds ;
A bird-note from a distant swale
Mounts and recedes.

A wan moth dips across the dusk
Like a magnolia's ghost, and then,
Amid the scent of rose and musk,
Is gone again.

The dews gleam beryl-wise ; you come,
Your hair caught up in amber strands,
Life's bliss — its whole ecstatic sum —
In your white hands !

AT DUSK

The air is filled with scent of musk
Blown from the garden's court of bloom,
Where rests the rose within her room
And dreams her fragrance in the dusk.

Above, attended by her stars,
The full moon rises, round and white,—
A boat in the blue Nile of night
Drifting amid the nenuphars.

And now the whippoorwill who knows
A lyric ecstasy divine
Begins his song. Ah ! sweetheart mine,
What shall love's answer be, my Rose?

AT FORT MARION

Above the bastions and long, low beaches
The clamoring ospreys poise and soar
While the ramparts over the harbor reaches
Gaze as they gazed of yore.

In the cedar-trees by the ancient entry
The mock-birds sweeten the gliding hours,
But there's never the sign of a single sentry
In one of the guardian towers.

Gone the trace of each old commando
The Spaniards sent to this shore of bloom ;
The dungeons fashioned by Don Hernando
Are peopled only with gloom.

Tiny peace-flowers gleam in the grasses
That green the width of the gaping moat ;
War, with its bugles and marching masses?—
Not the wraith of a note !

Only dreams by night of the olden
Days when the doughty deeds were done ;
Only dreams by day in the golden,
Bland Floridian sun !

THE CATHEDRAL BELLS

SAINT AUGUSTINE

High in the old cathedral tower they hung,
Four ancient bells, the bronze arpeggio
That called to prayer the gray monks long ago,
And marked the hour while mass was said and sung.
Over a land of fragrant flowers they flung
Petals of music that were wont to blow
Out of the rose of Time, whereof we know
Naught save how sweet it is and ever young.

Listen ! across the midnight comes their call ;
Twelve in succession sound the bell-notes clear :
A day has gone ; another day, begun.
I catch their message as the echoes fall :
Vale Hispania ! Day of shadows drear !
Ave America ! Day of joy and sun !

THE FORTRESS OF SAN MARCO

Gray as the gulls above, San Marco lies,
Built by Spain three centuries ago ;
A star of stone — a star whose gleam and glow
Are gone forever, blotted from our skies.
Bastion and battlement before me rise
Storied with memories of war's grim woe,
But over them, in balmy gales that blow,
Triumphantly the flag of freedom flies.

Along the ramparts now the lizards crawl,
Or lazily lie basking in the sun ;
Beyond the moat the sea-tides lift and fall ;
And while I dream of battles lost and won —
Sudden a voice ! — and then I see him, small, —
A Yankee bugler on a Spanish gun !

NIGHT ON THE SEA-WALL

Athwart the bay the Anastasia light
Pencils a golden pathway up whose beams
One might ascend unto the port of dreams,—
Some vision-haven in the heart of night.
In silvery syllables the tides recite
Their luring lyrics, plaintive old-time themes
Of days when hither, drawn by gold's red gleams,
Spain winged her galleons on their far sea-flight.

How hath the imperial aegis of her power
Waned, as the wasted moon adown the sky !
Here all is changed, yet strange doth it befall
That Love, of yore the monarch of this hour
When lips to lips make passionate reply,
Is still the sovereign of the old sea-wall !

A S O U T H E R N B A L C O N Y

In the soft glow and glamour of the night
I heard the sound of music down the street,
A girl's voice singing some old ballad sweet,
A song of love and all of love's delight.
Above me hung the moon's great blossom bright,
And swarms of stars like bees came forth to greet
This bloom of wonder in its blue retreat,—
This world-flower with a bosom lily white.

Within the plaza drowsily the purl
Of fountains fell upon the fragrant air,
And I, aweary of the long, hot day,
Slumbered and dreamed; and still that singing girl
Sang in her balcony,—and I was there
With you, Sweetheart, a thousand miles away!

DAWN IN CAROLINA

The opal sky grew daffodilian
With luminous presage ; the expectant pines
Leaned orientward in long and silent lines,
Then through their boughs a little murmur ran.
It was as though the whole awaiting clan
Spake each to each in whispers ; e'en the vines
And pendant moss, that clings and intertwines,
To thrill with some fine prescience began.

There seemed a troubadour in every tree ;
Trill answered trill, and run replied to run ;
And when there burst a crowning ecstasy,
Lo, adown corridor and colonnade,
Piercing the shadow, shattering the shade,
Sovereign in sudden imminence,— the sun !

TO A MOCKING-BIRD

Thou feathered minstrel perched in yonder tree,
Thou bird-magician in a blue-gray coat ;
Trickster of tune, thou canst repeat by rote
Thy rivals' songs and win their loves to thee !
Song-sorcerer, who canst with melody
Lure us to listen, thou whose slender throat
Is full of sweetness bubbling note by note,
Wizard of music, sing thou on to me !

Chatter of blackbird, warble of the wren,
Joy of the jay, and passion of the thrush,
And every trill that ever bird has known,—
I heard him jesting for awhile ; and then,
Softly upon the morning in a gush
Of lyric love I heard him call his own.

NIGHT OFF HATTERAS

We saw the light-ship winnowing the west
 With its thin fan of flame, and from afar
 A beacon glimmered like a ruddy star
Across the ocean's undulating breast.
Here in this haunt that harbors storm for guest,
 Where currents join with roaring rush and jar,
 There was no sign of tumult, naught to mar
The night's blue vastness and the sense of rest.

Peace lay upon the waters ; o'er the sky
 Peace spread the visible aura of its wings ;
 It was as though the warring winds were awed ;
We felt that from the void's immensity,—
 The brooding mystery that round it clings,—
 Leaned the Inscrutable whom we name God !

THE SPELL

There is a garden of the South
That lies along the sea,
Kissed ever by the Summer's mouth,
And sweet with melody.

Around it runs a fragrant zone
Of rose and jasmine blent,
From whose bloom-built bowers are blown
Breaths of the Orient.

The wonder-songs of mocking-birds
Made for the day's delight,
Are still remembered in the words
Lisp'd by the breeze at night.

Sweetheart, if you were here to grace
This garden with your eyes,
Eden were this enchanted place,
Just next to Paradise.

MORNING BY THE MATANZAS

Swiftly the tides of the Matanzas run
Racing to sea beneath the morning sun.

The reeds a-row like shimmering spears-men stand
Guarding the gray approaches to the land.

One white gull swoops across the middle space,
The animate embodiment of grace ;

And pressing toward the shore, tree crowding tree,
The woodland treads with murk and mystery,

Scarfed with the golden jessamine, and the plume
Of the wild plum with its ethereal bloom.

Such, so one dreams, was the strange wonder-spell
Smote Ponce de Leon on his caravel

Sweeping the radiant reaches, till, in truth,
He deemed the land must hold the Fount of Youth !

IN ABSENCE

It matters not how far I fare,
Or in what land I bide,
Your voice sings ever on the air,
Your face shines at my side.

For me each crimson flower that slips
Its velvet sheath of green
Yields the remembrance of your lips
With all their sweets between.

Your hair is in the dusk that lies
Around me when I rest;
My only stars are your dear eyes,
Love's own and loveliest.

Happy am I, though far apart
From all that makes life dear:
Love dwells contented in my heart,
Exiled yet always near.

Then take my message, Sweet, and know
How far your love has flown
To cheer and bless your lover, so
Lonely, but not alone :

I send it from the drowsy South,
A dream of my delight,
A message to your rosebud mouth,
A kiss, and a good-night !

SONG AT DAYBREAK

Unto the portal of the Day there came
A shining presence fashioned out of flame,
And from that purple threshold of the world
Arrows of fire across the shadows hurled.

Into the forest, over plain and sea
The darts in silence sped unerringly,—
Lances of sunlight from the Morning's bow,—
Until the firmament was all aglow.

Then from the zenith suddenly I heard
The dew-fresh notes of some enraptured bird,
Lost in the golden labyrinth of light,
Singing the dreams of the departed Night.

NOCTURNE

About her while she slumbers
Breathe, zephyrs of the night,
And weave of lyric numbers
Dreams that shall bring delight!

The secrets of the roses
In fragrant whispers tell,
Unto her who reposes,—
A white pearl in its shell.

Sing of the stars above her,
Then once, ere you depart,
Sing softly how I love her,—
Dear keeper of my heart.

And when the dawn has shaken
The diamonds from the vine,
From sweet dreams let her waken
To find these arms of mine.

SERENADES IN THE SOUTH

I

Dreams at midnight ! . . . Ah, my Sweet,
Sometimes, i' the night's heart, I
Catch the transitory beat
Of a dream that wingeth by,
Wrought of gold that seemeth spun
(As your hair is) from the sun ;
Wrought of flowers, their glow, their grace ;
(As your face is — ah, your face !)
Be my dreams, then, still of you,
For 'tis midnight dreams come true !

Dreams at midnight ! . . . Dearest heart,
In the moon's mid-watches, I
Sometimes out of slumber start,
As a dream goes fleeting by,
Fashioned from caresses such
As I know are in your touch ;
Holding all the perfect bliss
Of your yet unmemoried kiss.
Be my dreams, then, still of you,
For 'tis midnight dreams come true !

II

Lovers all who fondly stray
Down the jasmine-wreathèd way,
Pluck the bloom and drain the chalice
To the full while yet ye may !

*Lyric lip and morning eye,
Hasten ere the dream goes by !*

Youth is fair but youth is fleet ;
And ye may not mesh his feet ;
Ah, but while the springal lingers,
Life is luring, life is sweet !

*Lyric lip and morning eye,
Hasten ere the dream goes by !*

SPRING SONG

Voice of April, liquid clear,
In the daybreak of the year ;—
Spring's blue herald in the tree
 Caroling his heart away,
Catch and madrigal and glee :
 Spring is here to-day !

Breath of April, redolent
Of the attared Orient ;—
Spring's faint whisper softly blown
 Through the green leaves on the spray,
Making her glad message known :
 Spring is here to-day !

Feet of April, swift and light,
Leaving all the landscape bright ;—
Spring's quick footfall on the ground
 Dewdrops on the grass betray ;
Shine the tokens all around :
 Spring is here to-day.

Face of April, fair its gleam
As the young Year's waking dream ; —
Spring's glad smile on earth and sky, —
Silver mist and golden ray, —
Shower and sunshine slipping by :
Spring is here to-day !

Lips of April, how they shine
Through the fretwork of the vine !
Spring's fresh kisses — each of them —
Jewel bud or blossom gay, —
Honey sweet on twig and stem :
Spring is here to-day !

Heart of April, last and best,
Beating fast against my breast ; —
Spring's own self ! Ah, Sweetheart true,
Love no dearer words can say ;
April is none else but you !
Spring is here to-day !

THE NIGHT VOYAGE

Silent we sailed the phosphorescent seas,
Our ship a bark with shadowy masts and spars,
While gleamed o'erhead, in glorious galaxies,
The phosphorescent stars.

The breeze that breathed about us bore the balm
Of coral cove and long land-locked lagoon,
Where shines above the tall lianaed palm
The Caribbean moon.

A far off pharos from its hidden height
Across the waters flung its beckoning beam,
And so we glided through the violet night
Bound for the bourn of dream.

THE MESSAGE

In a southern garden scented
And sweet with the jasmine flower,
By the mocking-birds frequented
In each blossom-built bower,
What a passionate outpouring
From the fragrant boughs above!
And out to the northland soaring
Go the lyric-songs of love.

In the heart of one who hearkens
Is a lover's lighted shrine,
And never a shadow darkens
This home of a hope divine,
Where love like these birds rejoicing
Makes melodious the place,
While breathing her name and voicing
His longing to see her face.

O my Own, if song can find you
In the northland where you are,—
If the white snows do not blind you
To a clear and steadfast star,—
Let your eyes look forth in splendor
And hark for your heart's strange beat,
A dream with a message tender
Is bound for your slumber, Sweet.

THE WIND IN THE PALMS

The voice of the wind in the palms,
What does it say
In the sweet sunset calms
At the dip of the day?

“Ever and evermore” —
Thus doth it mourn,
“From shore unto uttermost shore
By my fate I am borne.

“Slave to a vast unrest,
I may never abide,
But am swept on an endless quest
Like the toss of the tide.

“I long — how I long! — for peace,
And the soothing of sleep,
But my farings may not cease
On the face of the deep;

“Nay, nor the face of the land,
For fiercely afar
Where the mightiest mountains stand
Do I clutch at the star

"That hangs, the vault's red thrall:
And I know the soul,
Alone of adventurers all,
Of the ultimate pole.

"So I, who would fain be one
With quietude,
Am doomed, until time be done,
To the wandering mood."

Thus saith the wind in the palms
(List to their sway!)
In the sweet sunset calms
At the dip of the day.

AT HER WINDOW

Come to thy window, Love,
And through the lattice bars
Show me a fairer sky above
With two more lovely stars ;
So shall the southern night
Know new depths of delight,
And I in dreams grow wise
Remembering thine eyes.

Come to thy window, Sweet,
And wide the lattice swing,
That vagrant zephyrs may repeat
What words my lips shall sing
Unto your ears anew,
Up from the fragrant dew,
That all your dreams may be
Like those that gladden me.

Come to thy window,— Soft !
Thy footstep light I hear :
About me, silence : but aloft
A melody most dear :
It is thy voice that fills
The night's blue cup and spills
Into the air the words
The rose breathes to the birds.

Come to thy window,—So,
I glimpse the gleam of grace ;
Rose of all roses now I know
Featured in thy fair face :
Now all love's joy is mine
Save one heart that is thine.
Dearest, my dream is this . . .
Thy heart's beat and thy kiss !

THE SILENT DAY

All day from bole to live-oak bole
A tenuous curtain of gray haze
Spread, and sound seemed to lose its soul
Throughout the woodland ways.

No music murmured in the pine ;
No tremor moved the wild plum bloom ;
The bee within the jasmine vine
Dozed, drunken with perfume.

Then the west wind crept o'er the hill
And just at sunset rent the veil ;
A mock-bird gave a lingering trill,—
A choir took up the tale ;

The very sod grew vocal, aye,
The leaves became a lyric throng !
Earth throbbed with twilight ecstasy,
And day went out in song.

LONGINGS

Absent from you, I linger here alone,
And all around me roses fresh and fair
Girdle the garden with a fragrant zone,—
Yet my Rose is not there.

Morning and afternoon, the whole day long,
The feathered minstrels in the boughs above
Pour out their lyric hearts, yet in their song
I miss the voice I love.

And when the twilight's miracle is wrought,
Studding with stars the sapphire of the skies,
Into my dreams forever comes the thought
Of two belovèd eyes.

Despite such days and nights, a something more
My heart would have to make its joy complete :
Hasten, ye laggard Hours, unto her door,
And bring me to my Sweet !

DORCHESTER CHURCHYARD

SOUTH CAROLINA

Thorn-keen withes and briars
The lonely garth enfold,
Where the rathe spring lights her fires
Over the matted mould.

The only mourners there
Are the moss that droops from the bough,
And the mock-bird spelling the air
With the pathos of its vow.

The marbles are gray with grime,
Sunken or cleft apart; —
O despot hand of Time,
Inexorable thou art !

Naught but a crumbling tower,
Long since reft of its bells,
Of the hamlet's ancient power
With eloquent silence tells.

All through the lonely night
The Ashley lisps to its reeds,
And that feathered eremite,
The gray owl, slips his beads.

Gone,—all of life is gone,—
An empty and ashen husk !
Never a gleam of the dawn,
Naught left but death and the dusk !

DORCHESTER FORT

SOUTH CAROLINA

Below the river winds, the tide at brim,
The water lisping low some liquid name ;
Above, the cardinal from limb to limb
Flits like a scarlet flame.

The gateway gapes ; there is no warder there,
Unless it be a ghostly sentinel ;
War and its red array are elsewhere ;
Here Peace has set its spell.

Perchance a gay colonial cavalier
By that rude port once basked him in the sun ;
And haply yonder, with his scorn of fear,
Walked dauntless Marion.

“Dreams ! fancy’s tissue !” do I hear you cry ?
“Why fill our ears with visionary themes ?”
Go, tread the spot, then, if you will, deny
It is a place for dreams !

A BALCONY SONG

Sweet, in your balcony above
The garden's rose-hung bower,
Surpassing any dream of love
Your face looks forth,—a flower.

Methinks on such a night as this,
Long centuries ago,
Leaned lovely Juliet to kiss
The lips of Romeo.

And these same stars which overhead
Are listening to-night
Heard all the tender words they said,
And witnessed their delight.

What wonder they so softly shine,
For all they hear and see:
Ah, Dearest, yield your lips to mine
And give your heart to me !

AT TWILIGHT

A little shallow silver urn,
High in the west the new moon hung;
Amid the palms a fountain flung
Its snowy floss, and there, above,
With its impassioned unconcern,
A hidden bird discoursed of love.

I felt your hand upon my arm
Flutter as doth a thrush's wing,
Then tighten. Sweet, how small a thing
Draws kindred spirits heart to heart!
More was that hour's elusive charm
To us than eloquence or art.

NOONTIDE

Roses — ah, but the scent! — fair as the dawn is fair;
A fountain murmuring, run upon rippling run;
“Winter!” you say; nay! nay! not with this wooing
air,
And that golden psyche there threading a dance in
the sun!

SUNSET

Against a crimson sky the drooping plumes of the
palm;
High in the west a star, — O the glamour and
gleam thereof! —
And, somewhere hidden, a bird piercing the soul of
the calm
With the rapture of its song, its passionate burden
of love.

MOONLIGHT

Mellow moon of the South, maiden of midnight glory,
With your tenuous veil of orient amber spun,
Ah, but you tell me still the same love-remembered story
Of the asphodelian slopes, and the young Endymion !

A THRUSH SINGING

Perched on the topmost branch of yonder tree,
Emblem of joy and its epitome,

From his green minaret, in the noon's hush,
Listen! — the song of the muezzin Thrush ;

Music wherein the sweetness of the day
Is all transformed in some transcendent way,—

Fragrance and color, glint of grass and dew
Changed into melody and born anew ;

The Earth beneath him, Heaven's blue above,
And Allah leaning to his lyric love.

BON VOYAGE

While yet the Summer lingers
Here in the drowsy South,
With roses in her fingers
And smiles about her mouth,
I dare to breathe my passion
To her that she may know
My love for You, and fashion
A lover's lyric so.

Northward, some morning early,
Her old path she will take,
Leaving her footprints pearly
With dewdrops in their wake;
Lighting the leafy places
With fragrant flowers, and then —
Find where your lovely face is
And whisper *Home again!*

*The Southern Flight is done ; a dream-delight
Our days beneath the stainless sky seem now ;
The bar is cleared, the open sea in sight,
And northward points the prow.*

*Farewell, O dear beguilement ! We must turn
From paths of pleasure and of soft idlesse,—
From all the spirit-balm of unconcern,—
To ways of ceaseless stress.*

*The last palm fades till like a tiny hand
It speeds us o'er the welter of the foam ;
Our eyes strain forward toward the distant land,—
The beckoning hills of home.*

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